

Legendary Jealousy

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Summary: The Guardians are happy with their new Guardian, but what about the other Legends? What will they do to Jack, and how will his oldest friends react? A Rise of The Brave Tangled Dragons fic. I always wanted a cute platonic Big Four oneshot... Cameo by North, tiny mention of Elsa. No pairings. Rated T for a little blood. All the Big Four, Toothless, Max and Angus are Spirits.

Legendary Jealousy

****A/N:** So, I did this because I, a) wanted to do a RoTBTD fic, and b) wanted a cute oneshot on the other Legends' take on Jack's Guardianship.**

****I** am neither Dreamworks nor Disney! (Wish I owned these awesome characters...)**

****Enjoy!** (ALthough I think the ending might be a little rushed... Sorry 'bout that)**

A Terrible Terror speeds through the air, alighting hastily in a glade where all the leaves are breathtaking shades of red, orange and yellow, permanently so.

The trees are exactly like what all trees look like in autumn, except that winter will never take these leaves. There are leaf piles everywhere, small dragonlets leaping off low branches and plummeting into the piles, sending up plumes of red and yellow.

There is a surreal sort of beauty in this place, the noise and chatter of dragons and a few spirits here and there.

The Terror ignores all of these sights -they are common, after all- and zooms straight through the glade, but not seeing whoever he is looking for.

A whoop of joy pierces the chatter, and the Terror immediately shoots above the treetops, narrowly missing a collision with a jet-black Night Fury.

As the Terror slams on his metaphorical brakes, so does the Night Fury.

"What is it, Sharpshot?" The Fury's rider questions in flawless Dragonese.

The Terror is shaking with panic, the small green and yellow body tense and quivering. "You have to come! I saw the other L-Legends b-b-beating u-up J-J-J!"

Sharpshot cut off his own sentence, teeth chattering too much to continue.

"Calm down, Sharpshot. The other Legends were beating up who? Which Legends?"

Sharpshot chattered in Dragonese again, and Hiccup blanched.

Grabbing his saddlebag, the Dragon Trainer fished two leaves out of it and a charcoal pencil, scribbling down two similar messages.

"Stealth! Deathwing!" Hiccup called, two Terrible Terrors, one aqua green and the other orange, appearing. "Can you guys deliver this to the Spring Meadow and the Summer Falls?"

Hiccup got an affirmative, and he smiled. "Thanks, guys."

The two sped off in different directions, and Hiccup turned to Sharpshot, who immediately pivoted around and sped off, the larger Night Fury on his heels.

* * *

><p>In Spring Meadow, a girl in an deep lilac cloak and a long purple dress strolled leisurely around, a chameleon on her shoulder, daisies woven into her dark hair which brushed her ribs.<p>

A pint-sized aqua green dragon wove through the air, screeching to a halt in front of her, and the girl frowned in confusion.

"What could Hiccup want?"

She plucked the rolled up leaf from the Terror's foreleg, reading it through quickly. Her woven basket of flowers dropped soundlessly to the ground as her fingers went numb.

The last line echoed in her head: "Come quickly, Punzie. He's in trouble and we've got to help."

"Max! Max!" Rapunzel yelled, panic coating her voice.

The white stallion came galloping into the clearing, whinnying curiously.

Rapunzel mounted the stallion swiftly, directing him to where Hiccup had instructed.

* * *

><p>At Summer Falls, a red-haired girl was riding bareback, her slim fingers closed loosely on a carved bow, quiver slung on her back.<p>

An orange Terror came crashing into her, knocking her off her horse, but thankfully the South Wind caught her.

The winds were always extremely helpful, but only to the four Seasonals, because the four were the only ones that treated them like people.

She regained her balance, steadying the Terror with a hand while the other slung her bow over her back.

She smiled as the Terror perched on her shoulder, stretching out a leg.

Untying the leaf-scroll, Merida unfurled the message, complexion turning ashen as she read on.

_ 'Rida, _

_ It's Hiccup, if the leaf didn't tell you that. Once you read this, tell Deathwing -that's the Terror- to lead you to Sharpshot. It's serious._

_ Few minutes back, one of my messengers told me that he was on his way back when a scuffle on the ground stopped him. He landed nearby and saw the other Legends -the Groundhog, the Leprechaun, May and the two Aprils- kicking something around._

_ Sharpshot got closer and saw who it was._

_ 'Rida, it was Jack. The other Legends aren't happy that such a young spirit was made a Guardian. They all think that they should have been chosen instead._

_ We've got to go help him._

_ Come quickly, Merida. Sharpshot says there was a lot of blood, and I really hope he was just exaggerating! _

_ Hiccup _

_ P.S. I've sent a leaf to Punzie already. Just get over here, and hurry! _

Merida vaguely wondered why Jack was so badly injured, he was the most powerful of the four of them -although admittedly they weren't really all that far apart in terms of strength-, and he should have been able to fight off the five Legends with no problem.

Merida was ashen, her face bone-white, as she boosted herself numbly onto Angus's back., turning to Deathwing. "Lead meh ter Shar'shot."

As Deathwing sliced through the air, Merida spurred her horse on, following closely behind. "Com' on, boy! We've got ter go! Follo' tha' dragon!"

* * *

><p>Hiccup found himself wishing that Toothless could go faster, which he'd never wished before.<p>

"Come on, East Wind, help me get there faster! Pleaseâ€¦ I've gotta help Jack!"

Toothless suddenly put on an immense burst of speed, and the wind whistled sharply around him, a tinge colder than usual.

Hiccup smiled. "Thanks, East, North."

The North Wind was helping too, judging by the coldness of the air... It made sense.

Out of all the winds, North was by far the most protective, and she loved Jack like her own child. Of course she would want to get him help as soon as possible.

Hiccup almost crashed straight into Sharpshot when the yellowish-green dragon stopped in midair, angling downwards.

Hiccup heard the sounds of fighting, and when he looked down, the first thing he was was red.

The ground was speckled with blood, a small puddle pooling around a huddled tangle of blue on the ground.

Jack.

The winter spirit was curled into a foetal position, his hoodie ripped and lacerations covering his pale back.

His white hair was a startling shade of red, matted with blood, and he seemed to be unable to move.

Then Hiccup noticed the thorny vines encircling his ankles and wrists like shackles, criss-crossing his limbs, immobilising him.

The thorns cut mercilessly into his body, digging sharply into his skin and spattering blood everywhere.

A girl with dark hair that seemed to crackle with electricity laughed mockingly, her foot coming down on Jack's exposed shoulder, sharp heel breaking the already tender skin.

April Showers.

The crowd of Legends huddled in on Jack, a girl with golden hair cracking a barbed vine into Jack's back, ripping the wounds that were barely scabbing over open.

Hiccup bit his lip, emerald eyes blazing with uncontrolled fury, and Toothless, sensing his brother's anger, shot downwards, the sharp

whistling of the gas build-up in Toothless's throat immediately catching the Legends attention.

The group scattered as the plasma bolt impacted the ground, purposely missing Jack, not even jostling the injured winter spirit in the least.

The Legends' eyes widened as they took in the jet-black dragon before them, growling fiercely, the furious Rider on the dragon's back.

A steely gaze met the Legends' gazes as the teenage Rider looked up.

April Fools, the spirit of humour, stammered, "H-how d-dare you! I-I'm going to s-speak to the D-Dragon Trainer about this! H-He'll punish you!"

The other Legends nodded in frantic agreement. The Dragon Trainer was the spirit of dragons, he would keep this wayward pair in line!

Hiccup scoffed. "You don't even know who the Dragon Trainer is, or where he lives. How are you going to tell him?"

"W-We'll-"

"We'll go to Santoff Claussen and ask North! He knows where everyone is!"

Hiccup let out a bitter laugh, eyes still blazing with rage. He reached behind his back and unsheathed his sword. "Go on and ask North. He'll want to know why a Rider attacked you in the first place, because Riders don't attack unless they have a very good reason. Then you'll have to tell him how you assaulted the youngest of the Guardians, and you know how protective they are over their youngest. Why, North'll beat you up himself."

Hiccup dismounted Toothless gracefully, and stood there, side by side with the most feared of the dragons, cutting an intimidating sight.

Then he leaped into action.

His sword sliced through the air as he cut down every single vine that May Flowers was throwing his way, trying to slow him down.

The Groundhog opened up a tunnel to take him by surprise, but Toothless growled, swinging his tail such that it hit Groundhog and sent him to the ground, out for the count.

Hiccup maneuvered his way to where May Flowers was standing and the hilt of his sword impacted her head, sending her unconscious as well.

April Fools and Leprechaun were back to back, both digging in their respective bag Bag of Tricks, April holding a dagger and Leprechaun a golden stick.

A tendril of white lightning struck down just half a meter from Hiccup, and the spirit of Autumn pivoted on his heel, grabbing his

Gronkle Iron shield from behind his back, quickly shifting it into crossbow form, ***(A/N: This is from Defenders of Berk, the HtTYD TV series. The shield is Hiccup's choice weapon. He doesn't use a sword in the seriesâ€¦ But in the books and in HtTYD2 trailers he does, though.)**** sending three crossbow bolts towards the storm spirit, April Showers.

The three bolts impacted, pinning the spirit to the ground by her clothes.

Three down, two to go.

A high-pitched whinny came echoing from behind Hiccup, and Merida and Rapunzel burst into view, both on their respective horses.

Arrows flew from Merida's bow, pinning April Fools and Leprechaun to the ground much like Hiccup did to April Showers.

"Alrigh' there, 'ic?"

Hiccup grinned lopsidedly. "Just fine. Not a scratch. Jack, thoughâ€¦"

The girls turned, noticing the heap of limbs on the floor, curled into a ball.

Merida unsheathed her dagger, Rapunzel doing the same, the two immediately starting to cut the vines that held the winter spirit captive. Hiccup pulled his emergency dagger from his boot -all the Seasonals had one, ever since Pitch tried to take revenge on Jack by attacking his closest friends- and began sawing at the thorny vines as well, wincing as the vibrations made Jack cry out.

Usually Punzie would tell the vines to retreat, but these vines weren't hers, so she couldn't control them. It hurt all three of them to see Jack shiver and flinch.

A sharp 'SMACK' from behind the three made them turn, only to see Leprechaun groaning, sitting on the ground and holding his head.

He had managed to wriggle out of his jacket, which Merida had pinned to the ground. Toothless was behind the Seasons, growling at the Legend, and the Leprechaun scrambled away, eyeing the Night Fury the entire time.

Looks like the guy'd tried to attack them while they were busy freeing Jack.

A twitch of Rapunzel's fingers and all five of the Legends were bound up with vines. It was a necessary precaution, seeing that the unconscious one were already starting to wake, and the arrows and bolts pinning the others to the ground wouldn't hold forever.

A few tears leaked from Rapunzel's eyes, glowing as she sang.

Flower gleam and glow,

Let your power shine,

Make the clock reverse,
Bring back what once was mine.
Heal what has been hurt,
Change the fates design,
Save what has been lost,
Bring back what once was mine,
What once was mine.

Jack's injuries began knitting themselves back together, the golden glow spreading as the healing magic did its work.

Hiccup sighed in relief as the various lacerations and deep bruises began to heal, and he got up, striding over to where the five Legends were tied up. "Listen, any of you ever try to harm Jack again, in any way, we will know it. And then it won't just be us hunting you down. It'll be the Guardians too. We'll tell the Guardians what happened, but this time we won't tell them who did it. But if any of you ever dare to pull something like this again, we won't be so lenient. We'll tell them exactly who hurt him. None of you will be spared. Do you understand me?"

Usually Hiccup wasn't so extremely intimidating, but the spirit was still running on fury right now, seeing as Jack was one of his closest friends.

Heck, they were family.

Together, the four of them made up the family that all of them craved for, and to hell if anyone thought they were just going to sit idle and watch their brother get bullied and beaten up.

The bound Legends nodded frantically.

"W-who are you?"

It was strange, but even among the Legends, the only Seasonal that was known was Jack. Hardly anyone knew Spring, Summer or Autumn, but they liked it that way.

This time, though, Hiccup couldn't resist. After all, they did ask.

"Hiccup, spirit of Autumn and," he smirked, "the Dragon Trainer."

The Legends looked away awkwardly, remembering what they had said when the Night Fury had fired at them.

Hiccup turned on his heel, walking back to Jack's side as the two girls supported the weakened winter spirit.

"He needs rest," Rapunzel fretted, brow creased. "He's still extremely out of it."

"Brin' 'im ter Santoff Claussen," Merida suggested. "Nor' will le' Jac' res' t'ere."

Hiccup gently supported Jack onto Toothless's back, Wind helping to lift the teen onto the dragon, careful not to jostle the spirit too much, because his wounds were still tender, and it looked like they were too serious for even Punzie's flower to fully heal.

Jack lifted a weary, shaking hand to his pocket, taking out a snowglobe.

"Swiped it from North," he mumbled, sounding as if his tongue were too thick for his mouth.

Hiccup chuckled softly, taking the globe, whispering 'Santoff Claussen', before throwing it.

A psychedelic portal opened in front of them, and Toothless swooped into it, followed by Angus and Max, each carrying their respective riders.

* * *

><p>It was a sorry procession that poured out into the main Globe room of Santoff Claussen.<p>

Hiccup had hooked himself onto Toothless's saddle, because the Dragon Trainer now had absolutely no free hands to hold onto his dragon -they were too occupied trying to prevent a half asleep Jack Frost from slipping off the saddle.

Jack's eyes were barely open, and they were bleached of their usual shine, the normally sparkling sapphire blue dulled to a dim grayish-blue hue. His entire posture was slumped, shoulders hunched and head bent, chin to his chest.

His blue hoodie was still shredded, hanging in rags off his shoulder and around his waist, his torso still bruised and scraped up.

He cut an extremely fearful sight, his white hair coated in reddish-brown, blood just drying.

The air around Jack was tinged with the iron tang of blood, and Hiccup's green woolen tunic was littered with dark splotches where the blood had run.

Rapunzel's hands were spattered with drops of blood, as were Merida's.

Max's white coat had little smudges of red here and there as well, where Rapunzel's hands gripped his mane for stability.

Jack's blue hoodie couldn't really constitute the colour blue any longer, and neither could it be called a hoodie anymore.

The blue was more black now, and had dried stiff with blood, the ragged strips fluttering in the wake of the motherly Winds, especially North.

As Rapunzel went looking for someone to seek help from, Merida and

Hiccup carefully lowered Jack to the ground, leaning heavily on Toothless.

A yeti entered the room, followed by Rapunzel, both looking extremely frustrated and confused. The yeti was mumbling on in Yetish, which none of them could understand. That must be why Punzie looked so frustrated.

Then the yeti laid eyes on Jack's limp, barely conscious form.

He roared in Yetish, and a few minutes later, another yeti entered the room, running, followed by North.

"What?" The Guardian questioned, seeing the three Seasonals. "Who are you?"

"It dinnae matt'r who we are righ' now! All tha' matt'rs is this!" Merida exclaimed, stepping aside and where she had been blocking North's line of sight.

North's eyes met the teen. "Wha- Jack!"

The Guardian of Wonder unsheathed his twin blades. "What have you done to him?!"

Before any of them could answer, though, North was leaping towards them, twin blades aiming to injure. ****(A/N: I know that North isn't the type to attack first and think later, but imagine if any of the Guardians had Jack badly injured and semi-conscious brought to them by three utter strangers...)****

Rapunzel's eyes widened in fear as she took in the silver swords coming at her -North had chosen to attack her because she was the closest-, frozen to the spot.

"Punzie, move!" Merida yelled, but the girl was paralysed.

She squeezed her green eyes shut, bracing herself for immense pain -it was almost impossible to kill a spirit, so she pretty much doubted that North's swords could kill her.

She opened them again when the expected blow never came.

Hiccup leaped in front of her, sword out in a single fluid motion, holding the blade two-handed against the strength of the Russian Cossack, keeping the Guardian's attack at bay.

Jack, who'd finally registered what in the world had been going on, managed to gather enough strength to mumble out, "North, stop! They're friends."

The Guardian of Wonder immediately retracted his swords, smiling sheepishly, immediately accepting Jack's words. "I'm sorry for attacking you."

Hiccup sheathed his sword, offering the Guardian a slight smile. "It's fine. If someone had come to me with Jack this badly injured I would've reacted that way too."

North frowned at the reminder. "What happened?"

"The other Legends are jealous that Jack's a Guardian. They think that he doesn't deserve the title, but they don't know him like we do. He's probably the one spirit in this world that deserves being a Guardian above all else. Long story short, they attacked him, but Jack refused to fight back, and that leads us to where we are now."

Rapunzel worried at her bottom lip. "I healed him as well as I can, but he's still quite banged up, and he needs rest. Do you have a room we can place him in?"

"Of course," North chuckled. "All Guardians have personalised room in Santoff Claussen. I just finished Jack's. I will show where."

Hiccup lifted Jack softly back into Toothless's saddle before following after the Cossack, Toothless walking steadily after him, careful not to jolt his passenger.

North led the Seasonals to a circular sort of common room, with five different paths branching off from the main room.

One path was a fresh, relaxing green, scattered with leaves and some flowers, the carpet soft grass.

The second was golden and shimmering, sparkling in the light that very walls seemed to give off.

A third was red with white and green trimmings, the colours of Christmas.

The fourth was blue, purple and green, the textured feathered, with small cubbyholes in the walls.

The last hallway was blue, white and silver, frost ferns covering the walls and ceiling with intricate designs, creeping across the floor. The air circulating through this hall was slightly misted, as if were colder than the surrounding temperature.

There was snow fringing the sides of the pathway, piled up at the corners.

All in all, perfect for a winter spirit.

Toothless plodded into the hall, the cold air hitting them. Jack perked up immediately at the temperature change, his blue eyes slightly more alert, the blue brightening a little and his slumped posture straightening.

The Seasons continued down the hallway until they reached a door that almost looked as if it was carved from ice. Maybe it was.

Opening the door, they were greeted by winter's haven. The high-arched ceiling was frosted, the ceiling somehow perpetually raining snowflakes, and the floor-to-ceiling windows were thrown open, allowing the North Wind to whistle through, mussing Jack's hair and caressing his bruised cheek.

Rapunzel, Hiccup and Merida supported Jack to the icy bed, letting him lay down on the silvery blue sheets, the spirit slumping into the

soft bed, eyes fluttering shut as exhaustion finally caught up to him.

As the winter spirit fell into a deep, healing sleep, the three Seasonals, dragon and Guardian relaxed, Hiccup leaning against Toothless, the black dragon's scales comforting and familiar against his back.

Rapunzel and Merida pulled up chairs, sitting wearily, as did North.

As North looked over at Jack, his eyes flicking up to the other Seasons occasionally, the Guardian blurted, "So, who are you?"

"We're Jack's best friends. We've been with him even before you guys thought to come acknowledge him."

"I'm Rapunzel Corona, the Spirit of Spring and The Healer."

North smiled a little. The Healer was a kind-hearted yet mysterious spirit that was almost like a legend among Legends.

"Ahm Merida DunBroch, 'e Spiri' o' Summer and 'e Archer."

The Archer was a brave, headstrong spirit, mysterious, but always protecting the weak and innocent, and was almost legend among Legends as well.

"I'm Hiccup, Spirit of Autumn, The Dragon Trainer."

Yet another legend among Legends.

North outright chuckled now, a little surprised at the company Jack kept. Three of the allegedly most powerful, secretive Legends?

Then again, Jack himself was more powerful than anyone -not even himself- had expected. It made sense that the other Seasons were as powerful.

The introductions made, the winter themed room's noise level died down, leaving a peaceful yet mildly awkward silence as the four ran out of things to say. So they settled for watching Jack rest, completely relaxed, the cold somehow lightening his bruises and mending the lacerations on his torso.

Oh well. Guess being the Spirit of Winter had its perks.

The room's noise level decreased dramatically, almost completely silent as the four began to feel drowsy in the pin-drop silence.

A sudden rapping came from the high-arched windows of the room, and the four jolted awake with a start.

Toothless looked lazily at the window, his sharp senses having detected the shadow that was hovering of the other side of the frosted pane.

The sharp tapping came again, and Merida walked cautiously over to the window, warily unclasping the latch.

A dark shadow bolted into the room, landing gracefully on the bedside table.

The Seasonals sighed in relief as the shadow revealed itself to be one of Merida's messenger hawks.

Padding toward her messenger, Merida held out her arm, and the raptor perched atop her arm, its razor talons not affecting the spirit at all.

The hawk screeched a few times in succession, and Merida nodded, jerking her arm upwards slightly to send the hawk on its way, before calling for Angus.

The black and white dappled war horse trotted obediently into the room from where he and Max waited outside.

Shouting a farewell over her shoulder and explaining that she had to go handle a slight problem, Merida mounted her horse and galloped off.

The two remaining Seasonals -well, the conscious ones- waved goodbye, before resuming their vigil.

North had taken this as a cue to get up as well, heading to the workshop to supervise the yetis.

* * *

><p>The two Seasonals were almost asleep again when Jack stirred.

His various injuries had healed up nicely, partially because of Rapunzel and partially because of the temperature.

As the Winter Spirit sat up, his hoodie somehow magically repaired as well, and cleaned of red, he was suddenly engulfed in two very startling but warm embraces.

"Jack! You're alright! Oh, spirits, we thought we lost you for a moment there... There was so much blood..."

"I'm glad you're okay, Jack, but don't ever scare us like that ever again, got it? I made those communicating medallions for a reason, you know!"

Jack smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, Hic, I know. Sorry about scaring you guys. How long was I out? And where am I?"

"You were out for only a couple hours, and we're in Santoff Claussen, in your personalised Guardian room. You really don't remember anything?"

The spirit of winter shook his head emphatically, causing Hiccup and Rapunzel to exchange glances, before shrugging.

That was about when Merida decided to pop back in.

"Jac' Frost! Didja make it snow in tha Sahara again? Why ahm I

dealin' wi' a blizzar' in tha freakin' desert?!"

The three other Seasonals frowned confusedly, Jack denying the claim.

"Besides, Jack just woke a few minutes ago. He couldn't have created a blizzard in the Sahara in the span of a minute."

Merida frowned, an idea of who the trickster could be already forming. "Jac', yer need ter rein in yer 'elper. Looks li' Elsa's in a prankin' 'ood again, darn it."

Spinning around, the Summer Spirit went hunting for said snow queen, leaving the other three, exchanging amused expressions.

* * *

><p>As the fiery red curls of Summer faded into the distance, a giggle escaped, and the icy room burst into laughter.<p>

Friends -no, _family_- forever.

A/N: How was that? Good? No good? Meh, no comment? I apologise for the rush of an ending...

End
file.